WEBB SCHNADER'S

# VIDEO DRIVE-IN!

#10

Saturday: Noon...In a foul mood. Reserved THREE ON A MEATHOOK; got ORDINARY PEOPLE. Didn't watch it.

At the store - glance to the left. 3 girls. 2 Vannac and a Madonna. Teen convereation:

#1. ooooh!
#2. uuuuck!
#3. grosss!

What's the cackle, I wonder. The cover to THREE ON A MEATHOOK? Yeah. Sick. The greatest video cover art yet concaived.

THREE ON A MEATHOOK (1973)
Producers :
JOHN ASMAN and LEE JONES
Director:
WILLIAM GIRDLER
Cast:
CHARLES KISSINGER
JAMES PICKETT
( on Regal Video)

As for the movie?

4 gals, on a weekend vacation in America's omnipresent psycho-dangerous backcountry, cavort nude in a bay (ala TOURIST TRAP, directed by idea-infringer Chuck Band) until they find out their car can't start. Fortunately, for the moment, Billy Townsend veers up in his pick up truck and offers: "You could stay with me and Pa.....Mom died a lon time ago."

Later, at the house, Pa serve the hungry gals some of "his meat, then screams at Bill, "I ain't havin no trash in your Ma's home....You know what happens to you when you get around women!!!!"

Soon enough, two of the innocents get shotgunned and tha third decapitated; graphic gore supplied by low budget wizard, J.D. "Pat" Patterson.

So sets off the umteenth unauthorized celluliod version of ultra-psycho ED GEIN'e Wisconsin lifa.

Being a meateatar in the CHEESE state is tough, but Ed made the most of it. In THREE ON A MEATHOOK, the Gein palace is portrayed as a quite charming colonial farmhouse. Somehow (from reading and rereading stories of the his ravenous cannibalism in my Gramm'e basement-she lived near the infamous site) I picture Ed'e abode as a splintery log cabin swarming with banana spiders. Inside, skull soup bowls half filled with creamed tomatoe bisque litter the table. In the frying pan, on the stove, lies one moist kidney. Far in the corner, past the human lips (cut into a window shade pull-cord) sits skeleton thin Ed, all cozy in his flesh-pajamas.

But in MEATHOOK, Ed's portrayed by plump Charles Kissinger (Dr. Spector in Girdler's ASYLUM OF SATAN) as an overbearing, raligous type. It's as if MA haunte Billy through dad. "You can't be aroung women," enorts pop.

Tha movie grinde to a sleep-eze halt as Billy picks up a waitress and falls in love. Padded with the requisite 'lovere alone in the sunset park' tripe, my eyelids seemingly gained 7 pounds.

Things remain ho-hum until the finale, where Sharon opens the smokehouse door and sees the title subjects.

Closing with a closet twist amid a PSYCHO ending, THREE ON A MEATHOOK only scratches the surface of Ed's depraved legend.

For a $0.75 rental fee, it can't be beat.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO TO TEXAS FOR A CHAINSAW MASSACRE!
ABSOLUTELY NO ONE UNDER 17 ADMITTED TO THIS PERFORMANCE
PIECES
IT'S EXACTLY WHAT YOU THINK IT IS!


Shear filmatic ineptitude.

The no doubt winner of the 50'e has to be PLAN NINE FROM OUTER SPACE. Not 'cause it's the worst, but because it's tha funniest. What with siesified aliens, cardboard headstones, etucco garage corner spaceships and Tor Johnson vocals, its as if the film's emulsion was exposed to a disordered dream.

It didn't take long into the 60's to realize that BLOOD FEAST had no peer. Garish colors, lots of eyeball close-upe, and wildly melodramatic performances team with innovative gushing gore.

Accompanied by bizzare horn and organ music (surely the product of a damaged brain), its a genuine first in a lifstime treat.

The 70's started strong with I DRINK YOUR BLOOD, THE HEADLESS EYES, and INVASION OF THE BLOOD FARMERS, but it took until 1978 for that intangible mixture of cinematic senselessness to surface. ...Knarly Indians cackling in outerspace.....parasitic Injuns spewing from mortal women's backs..... Tony Curtis seeing the future in a disco toga..... its THE MANITOU!

But this is the 80's, and, if man's best friend is a dog, then filmmaker's best friend is a chainsaw....and we all know, YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO TO TEXAS FOR A CHAINSAW MASSACRE!

PIECES
Producers:
STEVE MINASIAN and DICK RANDALL
Director:
JUAN PIQUER SIMON
Screenplay
DICK RANDALL and JOHN SHADOW
Cast
CHRISTOPHER GEORGE
LINDA DAY
EDMUND PURDOM
PAUL SMITH

Warm scenes of nostalgia run through my head as the film opens with little Eddy intent on piecing

together a Barbi Benton puzzle. Suddenly, the crotchal swell fades as Ma catches puberty bound Ed fondling a lithographed left nipple.
(serie-droning music becomes dominant) Mom rants: "Where did this filth come from?.....Answer me, answer me!.....You dirty minded little brat.....playing with filth like this.....just like your father!.....You better watch out, that's who you're gonna grow up like.....(slap slap slap)....and I can tell you a couple of things about him you bastard.....(livid, she smashs a picture of dad into the mirror) ....I'll kill you if I ever find stuff like that in the house again!.....(pause).....go get a plastic bag.

Pretty scary huh? Getting caught by mom with the goods. But I'm more amazed by the fact that this 1942 Boston suburbian household is equipped with plastic trash bags, push button telephones and Playboy puzzles.

Anyway, responding to the direct threat against his life, axe-terrorist Ed surprises Ma by splitting her head down the middle like a red-milked coconut. Practicing for his eventual return to civilization, the gore crazed diememberer rakes a hacksaw throughout the now silent mom.

FORTY YEARS LATER. Campus. The latent psycho wakes as a pretty coed rollerskater crashes through a sheet mirror--Slaughter Time.

In a nutshell, that's it.
REPRESSED PSYCHOSES=
GORE-----SEX-----SLEAZE = PIECES.

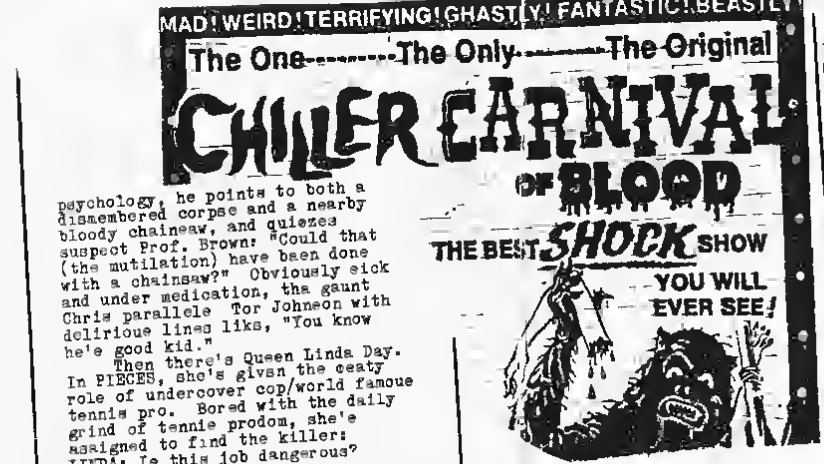
So check some dialogue.
HIGH SCHOOL LAD: Have you heard? They installed a water bed in the training room.
GIRL: (giddy) Have you ever been laid on a waterbed?
PECTORAL GIRL: (breathy) The most beautiful thing in the world is .....cooking pot.....and fucking on a waterbed!
Why wasn't I enrolled at that school?

Consider the late Christopher George. Due to severe health problems, Chris became a Hollywood pariah and an exploitational czar. Appearing in epics such as THE GATES OF HELL (recently pawned off to the Columbus Drive-In crowd as BLOOD ORGY -I was expecting the H.

G. Lewis classic), GRADUATION DAY (with the great Vanna White), and MORTUARY, allowed him to pay the doctor bills. In PIECES, his last role, he plays an unusually dim-witted cop. Using bizarre psychology, he points to both a dismembered corpse and a nearby bloody chainsaw, and quizzes suspect Prof. Brown: "Could that (the mutilation) have been done with a chainsaw?" Obviously sick and under medication, the gaunt Chris parallels Tor Johnson with delirious lines like, "You know he's good kid."

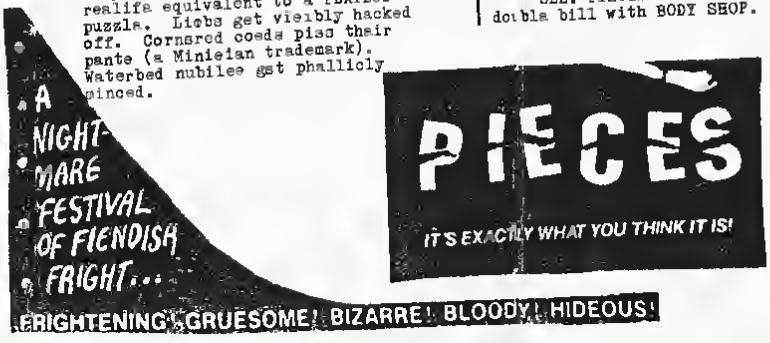
Then there's Queen Linda Day. In PIECES, she's given the meaty role of undercover cop/world famous tennis pro. Bored with the daily grind of tennis prodom, she's assigned to find the killer:
LINDA: Is this job dangerous?
CHRIS: Very.
LINDA: Good, then I'll do it. I am bored to tears with this place.
CHRIS: Figgers. Put an active lady in an office like this, shuffling papers for six months, and she'll volunteer...ah..to do anything.
LINDA: Almost anything!

The gore continues in an unrestrained manner that would likely infuriate Steinham, Dworkin and the rest of the gals at WOMEN AGAINST PORNOGRAPHY; if only they were aware of PIECES' existance. Seems the killer procures various (and shapely when need be) female body parts in order to assemble the realife equivalent to a PLAYBOY puzzle. Limbs get visibly hacked off. Cornered coeds piss their pants (a Minician trademark). Waterbed nubiles get phallicly pinced.


MAD! WEIRD! TERRIFYING! GHASTLY! FANTASTIC! BEASTLY!
The One-------The Only-------The Original
CHILLER CARNIVAL OF BLOOD
THE BEST SHOCK SHOW YOU WILL EVER SEE!

Inanities abound. SEE: the gardener unlock a soundproof door then exclaim, "These aren't my keys!" AWE: at the New England Patriots banner stuck on the wall ....years before the team ever existed. LAUGH: at the high school's Professor of Kung-fu. SCRUTINIZE: and you'll notice Christopher George carry the same unlit cigar throughout the film. FEEL DUMBSTRUCK: as the teenage hero's reward for revealing the killer's ID is to get his dick ripped off by the dead PIECES corpse come alive??!!???

SEE: PIECES. Preferably on a double bill with BODY SHOP.


A NIGHTMARE FESTIVAL OF FIENDISH FRIGHT...
PIECES
IT'S EXACTLY WHAT YOU THINK IT IS!
FRIGHTENING! GRUESOME! BIZARRE! BLOODY! HIDEOUS!

GESTAPO
GROPING, AND
SHEER SS
TORTURE!

How do bikers . . est their drug money? Do they play the stock mark t? Invest in IRA's? Pe - the WALL STREET JOURNAL whilst dabbling in market futures? It's a question I've long po . . ed...Until I saw:

HITLER'S HARLOT
Producer:
ANN HORINS
Director:
HY DEL
Cast
RUTH BANKS
JUNE TAYLOR
PATTY SEAGULL

Most noticeable, the cast in this extremely cheap early seventies hardcore porno flick does not contain the blond beauty shown below. Instead eyeballs are assulted by a four of the ugliest drugged out biker women in existance. Greasy and repellant; crude gynecological close-ups reveal numrerous Clearasil covered lesions, acne and moles.

Plotwise, two Nazi commandeare force unrelenting sex on four Jews. With little dialogue, HITLER'S HARLOT attains a certain sleeziness only through its cheapness. Confined to a berren room (furnished only with a wooden table and a neat backdrop) the prisoners are brought in one by one until HH climaxes with an all out orgy scene.

Promises of "sheer SS torture" go unheeded as the stolid participants continuelly look the director's way for insertion advice.

The only interesting aspect, a grueling 10 minute lesbian-necrophilic scene, negates itself as the apparently dead molestee wakes near the end.

Shot silently with one camera and a floodlight, HH is a dreadful bore.
If you're easily outraged, don't worry, HITLER'S HARLOT only sounds offensive.

A star shined on little Norma.

Why, even before she stepped on the stage -as a duck- in the Steubenville kindergarten play, she knew she was destined for fame.

On a dare, in 1984, she made her break. Sweet 16, and fake driver's license in hand, all thoughts turned to LA, bright lights and glory

With home v[illegible] emerging, winsome Norma's timing couldn't have been better.

It wasn't surprising then, when two months later, the pert Ms. Kuzma fufilled her dream of stardom.

Her secret?

Not only was she cute, amazingly well-built, and vivacious, she swallowed anything.

Her stage name? TRACI LORDS.

My first taste of Traci, so to speak, was a few years back when a local video dealer, with alobber in his moustache, shoved a bright blue cassette box under my nose, then screamed (loud enough for the moms in the children's section to hear), "YA GOTTA GET THIS BECAUSE THERE'S NO DIALOGUE.....JUST NON-STOP SEX!!!!!!!!!!" Flipping the box over and seeing a room full of seductresses wearing 25 cent vampire teeth, I knew I had to rent, LUST IN THE FAST LANE.

Nothing much to remember about LUST, except that the clerk was right. 90 minutes of shot-on-video Sominex Sex. Vapid visions of Traci recall only an exagerated chest, a salivating mouth, and an overly made-up face.

The 1/4 of a page script culiminates, amatuerishly, with a Twilight Zonesh, inexplicable scene of sticky, wet, nude women wearing the kind of vampire teeth one get's out of a gumball machine.

Vowing never to rent a shot-on video production again (this was my second sample, the first being the Godawful BOARDING HOUSE, shot in HORROR VISION) months passed, as

Traci (somstimes credited as Tracy) blossomed into porndom's hottest star. Titles include: OPEN UP TRACY...PORTRAIT OF LUST....SWEET THINGS.....BREAKIN IT.....SEX FIFTH AVENUE.....BLACK THROAT and PASSION PIT.

Becoming cocky, the brash enticress, fully realizing the monetary value of a promiscuous tongue, started THE TRACI LORDS COMPANY, and began distributing 1 1/2" buttons spouting the phrase, I Want TLC.

But what separates this bi-actress from the hordes of other equally beautiful video tramps??? Why should this pouty denizen of voyeristic passion be singled out as VIDEO DRIVE-IN's most influential femme fatal????

Simple. Looking for a wig of legitimacy after publishing some of the best reading material in years, THE PRESIDENT'S COMMISION ON PORNOGRAPHY's Ed Msese needed proof for his predetermined accusations of SEX IN THE MEDIA = CORUPTION OF MORALS = VIOLENT SEX IN THE STREETS.

It's no shock then, when days later, July 15, 1986 in fact, headlines across the world screamed.....HOT PORN STAR IS TEEN....UNDERAGED PORN STAR SHOCKS THE WORLD....TEEN PORN STAR WON'T BE CHARGED...OHIO PORN STAR'S FILMS BANNNED.

By 16 she had been a Penthouse Pet; by 16 1/2, she starred in 40 some wall to wall sex flicks. By 17 she had made it with all the biggies: Holmes, Jeremy, Gillis, Thomas and Leslie. At 18, all films got banned; classified as taboo. Child porn.

Just think of it...75 features, and all of them banned....a record unequaled in all of exploitational history.

As for today, the poor Miss Kuzma sits alone, all assets confiscated, her company on the brink; broke mobsters looking for restitution...Douglass Harrison Knapp sits in a Marina del Ray jail cell for trying to sell 18 Traci flicks to an undercover cop...Video retailers everywhere can't wait to close up shop, so they can view, in the back room, elicit films only they can watch.

Her star faded; it's the stuff legends are made of.

## THE GOREFEST-NEW HORROR/GORE GENRE NEWSLETTER

created by Rod Sims, contributing writer for The Splatter Times, Macabre Times, and Fear of Darkness-Send $10 for eight issues or $2 for intro issue to THE GOREFEST, % Rod Sims, 10026 Hawkins Ct., Indianapolis, IN 46229.

**New Video**

Embassy co-stars BILLY THE KID VS DRACULA with JESSE JAMES MEETS FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER..

Seasonal releases from Vestron includs: ROCKTOBER BLOOD..."a killer show with everything you wouldn't expect to see," Paul Naschy's THE CRAVING, and GHOST STORIES.

Prism sharpens the knife with AUTOPSY and TORSO, both best known as mid-seventies drive-in filler. The former for RABID, the latter for TEXAS CHAINSAW.

New World discovers the MOUNTAINTOP MOTEL MASSSACRE.

Academy plans to PLAY DEAD.

Charter emits Tony Curtis in THE MANITOU. Also slated are MURDER MANSION, SCREAM OF THE DEMON LOVER and P. Naschy in HORROR RISES FROM THE TOMB

Ie it possible for Magnum to top the first? We'll see with THE SSOCK BOX II.

You thought that was a movie? Well APRIL FOOL'S DAY; from Paramount.

World Vision witnesses ATTACK OF THE BEAST CREATURE!!!!!!!

Sony extends an INVITAION TO HELL.

Karl lands ths BLOODSUCKERS FROM OUTER SPACE.

Media bows to the THRONE OF BLOOD.

Blood spews in October with the release of DEMONS, from New World.

ThrillerVideo rsverts to its made for TV mode with NIGST STALKER and THE INVASION OF CAROL ENDERS.

Republic triples with DAY OF THE MANIAC, the Al Adamson classic, video dubbed, I SPIT ON YOUR CORPSE (rsal title GIRLS FOR RENT) and Paul Naschy again, in, NIGHT OF THE HOWLING BEAST.

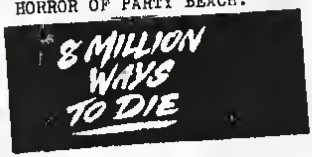
Sybil Danning and John Carridine topline Fred Olan Ray's THE TOMB, from Transworld.

The cutting edge of medical terror emerges from Vidmark's SPARE PARTS.

From the director of CHAINED HEAT, comes THE NAKED CAGE.

"a bloody nightmare of unrelenting carnage," describes NATAS, THE REPLECTION: from ThrillerVideo.

And finally, Priems attends the HORROR OF PARTY BEACH.



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